

Monday August 14, '72

Dear Joe,

Last week Toby's sister's mother-in-law died, and I busily advised her to stay out of the hysteria and stick to her own stress, and so this week, while reading Arthur Koestler's The Roots of Coincidence, I learned that my sister's mother-in-law died, the esteemed Willie Lou Butler, whose father fought in the Civil War, herself the daughter of such aged loins that she was indeed posthumous, and now in an hour will be buried at Long Green. I'm avoiding the funeral but will drive up tomorrow to see what will be done with 80ish difficult surviving spouse Owen Butler. Meanwhile here we are, Kate, Ara, Sarah Brecht, and Shareen, who will take the train from Baltimore back to N.Y. tomorrow. On the 22nd I go to N.Y., put 3 girls on bus to Gt. Barrington, fetch Andrew Wilson down to Tilghman, and then about the 30th go back to N.Y. to get the girls again. That travel is uninteresting but necessary; the children are scarcely seeing each other and have times alone with me, so on the whole it is an unusually successful summer.

This card which I found in Macy's I use not only to wish you all Happy New Year's of whatever denomination might apply, but to add to the data on the weirdness of moving all that heavy stone whether in Scotland, Yucatan, or Jerusalem. I like enormous stones to be there, I don't like to contemplate moving them, although we need some to stop erosion of our shore here so I do consider bringing stones from N.Y. which clutter my garden. I have found in Koestler some notes on Adrian Dobbs who suggests "a second time dimension in which the objective probabilities of future outcomes are contained as compresent dispositional factors, which incline or predispose the future to occur in certain specific ways" which is oddly close to Polanyi's evolutionary change which is guided by the potentiality for change--"a gradient arising from the proximity of a possible achievement"--Personal Knowledge p.398. I can't work with this pavilion of women but need to get back to probability/possibility (not ESP, which merely amplifies the problems). I don't know where you all are exactly. Phoebe cat and I are here in the kitchen... Love to you all, Bill